

# THE SISTERS

A. THACKERY

PRINTED BY  
SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
LONDON

# THE SISTERS

A TRAGEDY

BY

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

L.D.

London

CHATTO & WINDUS, PICCADILLY

£892

TO THE

LADY MARY GORDON

THIS PLAY IS GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED

BY HER AFFECTIONATE NEPHEW

## *DEDICATION.*

### I.

BETWEEN the sea-cliffs and the sea there sleeps  
A garden walled about with woodland, fair  
As dreams that die or days that memory keeps  
Alive in holier light and lovelier air  
Than clothed them round long since and blessed  
them there  
With less benignant blessing, set less fast  
For seal on spirit and sense, than time has cast  
For all time on the dead and deathless past.

### II.

Beneath the trellised flowers the flowers that shine  
And lighten all the lustrous length of way  
From terrace up to terrace bear me sign  
And keep me record how no word could say  
What perfect pleasure of how pure a day  
A child's remembrance or a child's delight  
Drank deep in dreams of, or in present sight  
Exulted as the sunrise in its might.

## III.

The shadowed lawns, the shadowing pines, the ways  
That wind and wander through a world of flowers,  
The radiant orchard where the glad sun's gaze  
Dwells, and makes most of all his happiest hours,  
The field that laughs beneath the cliff that towers,  
The splendour of the slumber that entralls  
With sunbright peace the world within their walls,  
Are symbols yet of years that love recalls.

## IV.

But scarce the sovereign symbol of the sea,  
That clasps about the loveliest land alive  
With loveliness more wonderful, may be  
Fit sign to show what radiant dreams survive  
Of suns that set not with the years that drive  
Like mists before the blast of dawn, but still  
Through clouds and gusts of change that chafe and  
chill  
Lift up the light that mocks their wrathful will.

## V.

A light unshaken of the wind of time  
That laughs upon the thunder and the threat  
Of years that thicken and of clouds that climb  
To put the stars out that they see not set,  
And bid sweet memory's rapturous faith forget.  
But not the lightning shafts of change can slay  
The life of light that dies not with the day,  
The glad live past that cannot pass away.

## VI.

The many-coloured joys of dawn and noon  
That lit with love a child's life and a boy's,  
And kept a man's in concord and in tune  
With lifelong music of memorial joys  
Where thought held life and dream in equipoise,  
Even now make child and boy and man seem one,  
And days that dawned beneath the last year's sun  
As days that even ere childhood died were done.

## VII.

The sun to sport in and the cliffs to scale,  
The sea to clasp and wrestle with, till breath  
For rapture more than weariness would fail,  
All-golden gifts of dawn, whose record saith  
That time nor change may turn their life to death,  
Live not in loving thought alone, though there  
The life they live be lovelier than they were  
When clothed in present light and actual air.

## VIII.

Sun, moon, and stars behold the land and sea  
No less than ever lovely, bright as hope  
Could hover, or as happiness can be :  
Fair as of old the lawns to sunward slope,  
The fields to seaward slant and close and ope :  
But where of old from strong and sleepless wells  
The exulting fountains fed their shapely shells,  
Where light once dwelt in water, dust now dwells.

*DEDICATION.*

## IX.

The springs of earth may slacken, and the sun  
Find no more laughing lustre to relume  
Where once the sunlight and the spring seemed one ;  
But not on heart or soul may time or doom  
Cast aught of drought or lower with aught of gloom  
If past and future, hope and memory, be  
Ringed round about with love, fast bound and free,  
As all the world is girdled with the sea.

## PERSONS REPRESENTED.

SIR FRANCIS DILSTON.

SIR ARTHUR CLAVERING.

FRANK DILSTON, *son to SIR FRANCIS*.

REGINALD CLAVERING, *cousin to SIR ARTHUR*.

ANNE DILSTON } *twin-sisters and coheiresses, formerly wards*  
MABEL DILSTON } *of SIR FRANCIS.*

*Scene, CLAVERING HALL, NORTHUMBERLAND.*

*Time, 1816.*

## CHARACTERS IN THE INTERLUDE.

ALVISE VIVARINI, *represented by* REGINALD CLAVERING.

GALASSO GALASSI,       ,,       ,,     FRANK DILSTON.

BEATRICE SIGNORELLI,   ,,       ,,     MABEL DILSTON.

FRANCESCA MARIANI,   ,,       ,,     ANNE DILSTON.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*A morning room.*

ANNE and MABEL.

ANNE.

April again, and not a word of war.

Last year, and not a year ago, it was

That we sat wondering when good news would come.

MABEL.

And had not heard or learnt in lesson-books

If such a place there was as Waterloo.

And never dreamed that—

ANNE.

Well?

MABEL.

That it would be

So soon for ever such a name for us

As Blenheim or Trafalgar.

ANNE.

No. For us?

We don't remember Blenheim—and we had  
No cousin wounded at Trafalgar. Still,  
If Redgie had been old enough to serve——

MABEL.

I wish he had chosen the navy.

ANNE.

And come home  
Unhurt?

MABEL.

No ; I forgot. Of course he might  
Have died like Nelson—and gone home with him.

ANNE.

Home? Reginald's not quite so tired of life,  
I fancy, though he frets at being kept in,  
As to look up—outside this world—for home.

MABEL.

No.

ANNE.

Will you tell me—but you will not—me,  
Even—

MABEL.

What? Anything I can I will.

ANNE.

Perhaps you cannot—what he said to you  
Yesterday?

MABEL.

When?

ANNE.

You will not now, I know.

MABEL..

Where?

ANNE.

When and where? If you must needs be told,  
At nine last evening in the library.

MABEL.

Nothing—but what I meant to tell you.

ANNE.

Yes ?

You meant to tell me that he said, my dear,  
What ?

MABEL.

Anne !

ANNE.

You thought I knew ?

MABEL.

I thought I must

Have said it without speaking.

ANNE.

Reginald !

And so you really mean to love the boy  
You played with, rode with, climbed with, laughed at,  
made

Your tempter—and your scapegoat—when you chose  
To ride forbidden horses, and break bounds  
On days forbidden ? Love ! Of course you like—  
And then how can you love him ?

MABEL.

Is dislike  
Mother of love? Then you—to judge by signs—  
Must love Frank Dilston dearly.

ANNE.

So I might,  
If—if I did not hate him.

MABEL.

Then you do.  
I'm glad. I always liked him.

ANNE.

What has he  
Done, that a woman—or a girl—should like  
Him?

MABEL.

Need a man—or boy—do anything  
More than be true and bright and kind and brave  
And try to make you like him?

ANNE.

That spoils all.  
He should not try.

MABEL.

I'll tell him not to try.

*Enter REGINALD CLAVERING and FRANK DILSTON.*

ANNE.

Redgie ! You've not been riding ?

REGINALD.

Have I, Frank ?

FRANK.

You'd have me tell a lie to get you off ?

ANNE.

You stupid pair of schoolboys ! Really, Frank,  
You should not let him.

FRANK.

*I can't lick him, Anne ;*  
We two—or you alone—might manage.

ANNE.

Why,

The grooms must know he should not mount a horse  
Yet.

REGINALD.

Would you have me never ride again  
Because last year I got a fall?

ANNE.

To Mabel.  
Appeal

REGINALD.

She was always hard on me.

MABEL.

Always.

ANNE.

You mean that I encouraged you  
To risk your neck when we were girl and boy?  
Make him sit down, Frank.

REGINALD.

There. And now we'll talk  
Of something—not of nothing.

ANNE.

Of your play?

REGINALD.

That's ready. How about your stage?

ANNE.

But is it

Indeed?

REGINALD.

It's just one little act, you know—  
Enough for four and not too much, I hope,  
To get by heart in half a pair of days.

ANNE.

In one day? No : I am slow at learning verse—  
Even if my part were shorter than the rest.

REGINALD.

It is.

ANNE.

Ah ! Thank you.

FRANK.

Mabel's I have read.

It's longer.

MABEL.

As the whole affair is short,  
It cannot be much longer. You should rest,  
Redgie. Come out and feed the pheasants, Anne.

[*Exeunt ANNE and MABEL.*

SCENE I.

*THE SISTERS.*

REGINALD.

How like old times it is, when we came back  
From Eton ! You remember, Frank, we played  
—What was it ?—once.

FRANK.

‘ What was it ? ’ There’s no such play.  
There’s ‘ What you will ’ : perhaps we played  
‘ Twelfth Night ’  
In frocks and jackets. Might we now not play  
‘ Love’s Labour’s Lost ’ ?

REGINALD.

‘ A Midsummer Night’s Dream ’ :  
I know, because I played Lysander—you  
Demetrius.

FRANK.

How the female parts were cast  
You don’t remember ?

REGINALD.

Helena was Anne,  
I think, and Hermia Mabel.

FRANK.

Change the names.

REGINALD.

Ah, yes. All friends from more than twelve miles round

Came in to our Yuletide gathering through the snows.  
How quick and bright Anne's acting was ! you two  
Bore off the palms all round : Mabel and I  
Were somewhere short of nowhere.

FRANK.

Will you now  
Retaliate ? She and you were plotting this,  
Must we suppose, last evening ?

REGINALD.

She and I,  
Frank ? We should make but poor conspirators.

FRANK.

I hope so, and I think so. Seriously,  
May not I ask——?

REGINALD.

If she and I are friends ?  
Surely a man may ask and answer that,  
If—as you do—he knows it. If you mean  
More—I would hardly tell a brother this,

Who had not been so close a friend of mine—  
Always, and had no right to ask me this—  
No.

FRANK.

Then she does not think—she has no cause—  
She cannot think you love her?

REGINALD.

Can I tell?

But this I can tell—she shall never come  
To think or dream I do, and vex herself,  
By any base and foolish fault of mine.

FRANK.

But if she loves you, Redgie?

REGINALD.

No, my boy.

She does not. Come, we need not talk of that.  
I think mock-modesty a mincing lie—  
The dirtiest form of self-conceit that is,  
Quite, and in either sense the vainest. You  
She may not love just yet—but me, I know,  
She never will. I ought to say ‘Thank God,’  
Being poor, and knowing myself unworthy her  
—A younger son’s son, with a closed career

Should peace prove now as stable as it looks—  
If I on my side loved her as I should  
And if I knew she would be, as I fear—  
No, hope she will, happier with you than me.  
I can't do that, quite; if I could, and did,  
I should be just a little less unfit  
To dream that she could love me—which I don't.

FRANK.

You don't mean that you want me —

REGINALD.

I do mean  
I want her to be happy : as for you,  
If I don't want you to be miserable  
It only shows I am not quite a cur.

FRANK.

You never were : but if you meant me well,  
What made you go campaigning and come back  
A hero ?

REGINALD.

Six months' service ! Don't you be  
A fool—or flatterer.

FRANK.

Still, you have (worse luck !)  
Such heavy odds—a wound, and Waterloo !

REGINALD.

If I—or you—had lost an eye or arm,  
That wouldn't make us Nelsons.

FRANK.

Something like.

REGINALD.

Well, you can do that in the hunting-field.

FRANK.

I wish I had you in the playing-fields,  
Again.

REGINALD.

We can't just settle it with fists.  
But, if you asked me, as of course you don't  
And won't, what she and I were talking of  
Last evening, I could tell you—and I will.  
I asked her if she thought it possible  
That two such baby friends and playfellows  
As she and Anne had been with you and me  
Could, when grown up, be serious lovers.

FRANK.

Well—

Was that not making love to her? And what  
Did she say?

REGINALD.

Hardly. No. Certainly not.

FRANK.

And then?

REGINALD.

The bell rang, and we went to dress  
For dinner.

FRANK.

What did she say—if she did—  
To make you ask her that?

REGINALD.

Something she did—  
At least, I thought so—like a fool. And now  
We'll talk no more about it. Mind you, Frank,  
I didn't—could I possibly?—forget  
That just because I love her—more than you  
I won't say—she must never dream I do  
If I can help it.

FRANK.

Then, in heaven's name, why  
Say what you say you did ?

REGINALD.

Don't fret yourself.  
No harm was meant or done. But if she does  
Love you—if you can win her—as I think  
(There !)—you're the happiest fellow ever born.

FRANK.

And you're the best, Redgie. By Jove ! she ought  
To love you, if she knew how you love her.

REGINALD.

And that, please God, she never will. When you  
And she are married, if you tell her so,  
You'll play the traitor, not to me but her—  
Make her unhappy for the minute. Don't.  
She would be sorrier than I'm worth, you know,  
To think of any sorrow not her own  
And given by her unconsciously. She had  
Always the sweetest heart a girl could have.  
'Sweet heart' ! she might have been the first girl born  
Whose lover ever called her by the name.

FRANK.

Redgie, I don't know what to say to you.

REGINALD.

Say nothing. Talk about our play.

FRANK.

Your play !

We are like to play, it seems, without a stage,  
Another, and a sadder.

REGINALD.

Don't be sure.

My play is highly tragic. Italy,  
Steel, poison, shipwreck——

FRANK.

One you made at school,  
Is it? I know what those were.

REGINALD.

Wait and see.

*Enter SIR FRANCIS DILSTON.*

SIR FRANCIS.

Well, Frank,—how are you, Reginald?—you let  
Mabel go out—and unattended?

FRANK.

Come,

Father, you would not have me (think how she  
Would hate it!) hang about her like a burr?

SIR FRANCIS.

No—no. But there's a medium, sir, between  
Neglect and persecution.

FRANK.

Well, I hope  
And think I've hit that medium.

SIR FRANCIS.

Reginald,  
If you were Mabel's lover, or in hope  
To be her lover, could you slight her so?

REGINALD.

I can't imagine that condition.

SIR FRANCIS.

Then  
You youngsters are no more your fathers' sons  
Than moles are sons of eagles.

FRANK.

Rats of cats,

Say, father.

SIR FRANCIS.

Eh ! was that an epigram ?

'The point, my boy ? Because we worry you ?

FRANK.

Because we scuttle where you used to spring,  
And nibble when you used to bite. At least,  
You say so—or they say so.

SIR FRANCIS.

Heaven forbid !

Tom Jones and Lovelace were not gods of ours.  
But if we meant to win and keep a heart  
Worth winning and worth keeping, Frank, we knew  
We must not seem to slight it. 'Pique and soothe,'  
Young Byron bids you—don't stand off and gape.  
There may be better means than his, if you  
Love as I trust you love her. There's the bell.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*In the Garden.*

FRANK and MABEL.

FRANK.

I may not say what any man may say?

MABEL.

To me? And any man, you think, may say  
Foolish and heartless things to me? or is it  
Only the heir of Heronshaw who claims  
A right so undeniable?

FRANK.

Is the taunt

Fair to yourself or me? You do not think—

MABEL.

You have the right to make mock love to me?  
I do not.

FRANK.

How have you the right to call  
Truth mockery, knowing I love you?

MABEL.

How should I  
Know it? If you mistake me now for Anne,  
You may mistake her presently for me.

FRANK.

Anne?

MABEL.

If you care for either cousin—much,  
It ought, by all I ever heard or read,  
To be the one you are always bickering with.

FRANK.

She does not like me.

MABEL.

She does not dislike.

FRANK.

Her liking would not help nor her dislike  
Forbid me to be happy. You perhaps—  
I can't guess how you can—may think so: she  
Cannot. And if I did—worse luck for me!—  
What chance should I have? Can you not have seen  
—Not once—not ever—how her face and eyes  
Change when she looks at Redgie?

MABEL.

What!—Absurd!

You love her, and are mad with jealousy.

FRANK.

Mad if I am, my madness is to love  
You. But you must have seen it.

MABEL.

I am not  
Jealous.

FRANK.

You need not have an eye to see it.  
Her voice might tell you, when she speaks to him.

MABEL.

The tone is just like yours or mine. Of course  
We all make much—or something—of him now ;  
Since he came back, I mean.

FRANK.

From Waterloo ;  
I knew it—an interesting young cousin. Well,  
He does deserve his luck, I know ; he did  
Always : and you were always good to him.

MABEL.

He always needed somebody, poor boy,  
To be so.

FRANK.

Ah, if that were all ! Because  
His guardian, my good father,—good to me  
Always—his cousin, in whose grounds we now  
Walk and discuss him—and his schoolmasters,  
You think, were apt—

MABEL.

To ill-use him ? No ; nor yet  
Misunderstand him : that I did not mean.  
But she who knew him and loved him best is gone—  
His aunt and mine—your mother.

FRANK.

Yes : she did  
Love him ! she must have loved his mother more  
Than many sisters love each other.

MABEL.

More  
Than I love Anne or Anne loves me ? I hope  
Not. But when death comes in—and leaves behind  
A child for pledge and for memorial, love

Must naturally feel more—I want the word ;  
More of a call upon it—not a claim—  
A sort of blind and dumb and sweet appeal  
Out of the dark, and out of all the light  
That burns no more but broods on all the past—  
A glowworm on a grave. And you, I know,  
Were never jealous : all the house knew that,  
And loved you for it as we did.

FRANK.

Ah—as you

Did ! I'd have had you love me more than they,  
If it had not been too great and sweet a thing  
For me to dream of.

MABEL.

Do not dream at all.

What good can come of dreaming ?

FRANK.

Less than none,

If dreaming, doubt, or fear, should take away  
The little comfort, such as it is—God knows,  
Not much, though precious—that your kind last words  
Gave me. Too kind they were, Mabel. I was,  
And am, jealous of Redgie ; more to-night  
Than ever : but I will not be.

*THE SISTERS.*

ACT I.

MABEL.

I am sure

You will not. Why?

FRANK.

Because I know—I am sure,

Mabel—more sure than you can be of me  
Or I can of myself—he would not grudge  
Nor envy me my happiness if you  
Could bring yourself to make me happy.

MABEL.

Why

Should he?

FRANK.

Ask him.

MABEL.

A pretty thing to ask!

But, Frank, it's good, and very good, of you  
To say so—if you care for me at all,  
And think it possible I could care for him.

FRANK.

I think it more than possible : but he  
Does not. You'll have to tell him. Don't let Anne  
Hear you.

MABEL.

I would not let her, certainly,  
If I were tempted to propose to you.  
Do you think that girls—that women do such things?

FRANK.

No : but I do think—think, by heaven ! I know—  
He will not tell you what a child might see,  
That he can love, and does, better than I,  
And all his heart is set on you. But Anne  
Loves him : you must have seen it.

MABEL.

You love her,  
And do not know it, and take me for her, seeing  
Her features in my face, and thinking she  
Loves Redgie : is not this the truth ? Be frank,  
Or change your name for one that means a lie—  
Iscariot or Napoleon.

FRANK.

God forbid !  
I tell you what I am sure of, as I am sure  
I wish I were not.

MABEL.

Sure ? How can you be ?

FRANK.

Are you not sure? Be honest. Can you say  
You doubt he would have told you—what he won't  
And can't—had he been heir of Heronshaw  
Or Anyshaw? You might have spared that taunt,  
Mabel. But can you say it? You never were  
A liar, and never can be. Tell him then  
The truth he will not tell you.

MABEL.

What if he  
Rejects me? This is past a joke.

FRANK.

It is.

MABEL.

I knew you could not love me. Why make love?

FRANK.

I love you; but I see how you love him;  
And think you are right. He loves you more than I—  
Yes, more than I can—more than most men could  
Love even you. You are no mate for me,  
I am no mate for you, the song says. Well,  
So be it. God send you happiness with him!

He has done more than give you up—give up  
All chance of you—he would not take the chance  
That honour, as he thought, forbade. Do you  
Reward him.

MABEL.

God reward you, Frank ! You see  
—It's true—I love him.

FRANK.

And he will not speak.

Tell him to-morrow—and come in to-night.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Another part of the grounds.*

*Enter SIR ARTHUR CLAVERING and REGINALD.*

SIR ARTHUR.

I'm glad you love the old place : to have you here—  
You and the Dilstons—brings my father's time  
Back. I might almost be your father, though ;  
Yours, or your cousins'—Frank's or Mabel's. Time  
Slips on like water.

REGINALD.

Very softly, here ;  
Less like the Kielder than the Deadwater  
Till both make up the Tyne.

SIR ARTHUR.

It wearies you,  
Cousin ? Make haste then and grow strong and stout,

And ride away to battle : till you can,  
I mean to keep you prisoner and be proud  
I have a guest who struck beside the Duke  
An English stroke at Waterloo.

## REGINALD.

Beside,

Arthur ? There's no one born can boast of that.  
The best we can—the very best of us—  
Say for each other, is just, we followed him—  
His hand and eye and word and thought—and did  
What might be of our duty.

## SIR ARTHUR.

Well, my boy,  
Did he do more ? You're just a hothead still—  
The very schoolboy that I knew you first—  
On fire with admiration and with love  
Of some one or of something, always. Now,  
Who is it—besides your general ? who—or which ?  
Anne's chestnut shell, or Mabel's golden fire—  
Her emerald eyes, or Anne's dark violets—eh ?  
You have them both (a happy hero you !)  
Dancing attendance on your highness. Here  
Comes Mabel : have you not a glove to throw ?

*Enter MABEL.*

Dear cousin, make him talk to you : to me  
He will not ; and I have not time to dance  
Attendance on him.

[*Exit.*]

REGINALD.

Arthur's jokes are not  
Diamonds for brilliance : but he's good.

MABEL.

Are you ?

REGINALD.

You never asked me that of old times.

MABEL.

No :

That was superfluous : all the household knew  
How good a boy you were.

REGINALD.

And you ? A girl  
There was who loved the saddle as well as I,  
And was not slower at breaking bounds.

MABEL.

You have not  
Forgiven me what you suffered for my sake  
So often—much too often.

REGINALD.

No, of course.

How should I?

MABEL.

You remember our old rides—

Tell me about your ride at Waterloo.

REGINALD.

More like a swim against a charging sea

It was, than like a race across the moors

Yonder.

MABEL.

But when a breaker got you down—

When you lay hurt it might have been to death—

Will you not tell me what you thought of then?

REGINALD.

No.

MABEL.

Nothing?

REGINALD.

Nothing I can tell you of.

MABEL.

Was all a mist and whirlwind—like the shore  
Out yonder when the north-east wind is high?  
That I can fancy. But when sense came back  
You thought of nothing you can tell me of,  
Reginald? nothing?

REGINALD.

Nothing I can tell  
Any one—least of all, women or men,  
Frank's wife that is to be, Mabel.

MABEL.

And where  
Has Frank concealed her from all eyes but yours?  
You are too sharp-sighted, Redgie.

REGINALD.

Did she not  
Ask me just now what if she knew—she must  
Have known the answer that I could not make—  
It was not right or kind to ask?

MABEL.

Not she.

REGINALD.

Mabel !

MABEL.

She's innocent, at least.

REGINALD.

You mean—?

MABEL.

I mean she is not here. Nor anywhere  
But in the silliest dreamiest brain alive—  
The blindest head cheating the trustiest heart  
That ever made a man—untrustworthy.  
You did not dream or think of any old friend—  
Anne, Frank, or me—when you were lying, cut down,  
Helpless, that hideous summer night ? And now  
You will not speak or stir ? O, Reginald,  
Must I say everything—and more—and you  
Nothing ?

REGINALD.

My love ! Mabel ! What can I ?

MABEL.

Say

Just that again.

REGINALD.

How can it be?

MABEL.

My love,

How could it not be?

REGINALD.

How have I deserved

This?

MABEL.

How can I tell you? Do you tell me  
Now, what you would not tell Frank's wife.

REGINALD.

You know

I need not tell you.

MABEL.

Tell me, though.

REGINALD.

I thought,  
Between the shoots and swoonings, off and on,  
How hard it was, if anything was hard  
When one was dying for England, not to see  
Mabel, when I could see the stars. I thought

How sweet it was to know they shone on her  
Asleep or waking, here at home. I thought  
I could have wished, and should not wish, to send  
My whole heart's love back as my life went out,  
To find her here and clasp her close and say  
What I could never—how much I had loved her.

Then

I thought how base and bad a fool I was  
To dream of wishing what would grieve her. Then  
I think I fell asleep.

MABEL.

And that was all,

Redgie?

REGINALD.

And that was all, Mabel.

MABEL.

You did—

You did not think, if she had known—if she,  
Asleep and dreaming here, had dreamed of it—  
What love she would have sent you back for yours—  
Yours—how could she be worth it? Did you not  
See, as you lay—know, as your pain sank down  
And died and left you yet not quite asleep—  
How past all words she loved you? Reginald!  
You did not?

REGINALD.

How should I have dreamed of heaven?  
I'm not a saint, Mabel.

MABEL.

And what am I  
Who ask a man what, being the man he is,  
He will not ask me—and am not ashamed?

REGINALD.

You are more than ever a man whom heaven loved  
best  
Saw shining out of heaven in dreams—more dear,  
More wonderful than angels. How you can  
Care for me really and truly—care for me,  
It beats my wits to guess.

MABEL.

It's very strange,  
Of course : what is there in you to be loved ?

REGINALD.

There's many a true word said in jest. But you !  
Why, all the world might fall down at your feet  
And you not find a man in all the world  
Worth reaching out your hand to raise. And I !

The best luck never finds the best man out,  
They say ; but no man living could deserve  
This.

## MABEL.

Well, you always were the best to me ;  
The brightest, bravest, kindest boy you were  
That ever let a girl misuse him—make  
His loving sense of honour, courage, faith,  
Devotion, rods to whip him—literally,  
You know—and never by one word or look  
Protested. You were born a hero, sir.  
Deny it, and tell a louder lie than when  
You used to take my faults upon you. How  
I loved you then, and always ! Now, at last,  
You see, you make me tell it : which is not  
As kind as might be, or as then you were.

## REGINALD.

I never was or could be fit for you  
To glance on or to tread on. You, whose face  
Was always all the light of all the world  
To me—the sun of suns, the flower of flowers,  
The wonder of all wonders—and your smile  
The light that lit the dawn up, and your voice  
A charm that might have thrilled and stilled the sea—  
You, to put out that heavenly hand of yours

And lift up me to heaven, above all stars  
 But those God gave you for your eyes on earth  
 That all might know his angel !

MABEL.

There—be still.

*Enter FRANK (at a distance).*

Here comes our bridesman—and our matchmaker.  
 He told me that he loved me yesterday,  
 But that you loved me better—more than he,  
 And, Redgie, that you would not tell me so  
 Till I had made an offer for your hand.  
 A prophet, was he not?

REGINALD.

Did he say that ?

I'd like to black his boots..

MABEL.

You weren't his fag,  
 Were you ?—Well, Frank, you told me yesterday  
 Nothing but truth : and this has come of it.

FRANK.

Your hand in Redgie's? All goes right, then ?

MABEL.

All.

I did not give him, I confess, a chance.

REGINALD.

Frank, I can't look you in the face—and yet  
I hope and think I have not played you false.

FRANK.

Well, if you swore you had, Redgie my boy,  
I'd not believe you. You play false, indeed !  
To look me in the face and tell me that  
Would need more brass than nature gave your brows.

REGINALD.

But how to look your father in the face—  
Upon my honour ! You must help me, Frank.

FRANK.

And that I will, Redgie. But don't you dream  
He'll think there's any need of any help,  
Excuse, or pretext for you. Any fool  
Must have foreseen it.

MABEL.

Yes—I think he must.

Any but one, at least—who would not see.  
Frank, I proposed to him—I did. He is  
So scandalously stupid !

FRANK.

Ah, you know,  
I told you. That was unavoidable.

REGINALD.

You sons and daughters of good luck and wealth  
Make no allowance—cannot, I suppose—  
For such poor devils as poor relations. Frank,  
I think I see you—in my place, I mean—  
Making the least love in the world to her—  
Letting her dream you loved her !

FRANK.

Well, did you ?

MABEL.

He did.

REGINALD.

I don't know how I did.

MABEL.

But I  
Know.

FRANK.

I can guess. He never dropped a word  
Nor looked a look to say it—and so you knew.

MABEL.

Yes ; that was it.

FRANK.

When I go courting, then,  
I'll take a leaf out of old Redgie's book,  
And never risk a whisper—never be  
Decently civil. Well, it's good to see  
How happy you two are.

MABEL.

Hush! Here comes Anne.

*Enter ANNE.*

ANNE.

I heard what Frank said. And I hope you are  
Happy, and always will be.

REGINALD.

Thanks. And yet  
I know I ought not.

ANNE.

Complimentary, that,  
To Mabel.

REGINALD.

Mabel understands.

ANNE.

Of course.

She always understood you.

REGINALD.

Did she? No :  
She always made too much of me—and now  
Much more too much than ever. God knows why.

ANNE.

God knows what happiness I wish you both.

REGINALD.

Thank her, Mabel.

MABEL.

I can't. She frightens me.

Anne !

ANNE.

Am I grown frightful to all of you ?  
Are you afraid of me, Reginald ?

REGINALD.

What  
Can ail you, Mabel ? What can frighten you ?

ANNE.

Excitement—passionate happiness—I see.  
Enough to make a girl—before men's eyes—  
Shrink almost from her sister.

MABEL.

Anne, you knew  
This was to be—if Redgie pleased.

ANNE.

I did ;  
And did not doubt it would be.

FRANK.

These are strange  
Congratulations. Anne, you must have thought  
It would not.

ANNE.

What I thought or did not think  
I know perhaps as well as you. And now  
I need not surely twice congratulate  
My sister and my brother—soon to be.

MABEL.

Let us go in.

ANNE.

You seem so happy too  
That we must all congratulate you, Frank.

[*Exeunt.*

## ACT III.

SCENE I.—*In the Garden.*

ANNE and MABEL.

ANNE.

This heartsease bed is richer than it was  
Last year—and so it should be ; should it not ?  
For your sake and for his, I mean. See here ;  
Here's one all black—a burning cloud of black,  
With golden sunrise at its heart ; and here's  
One all pure gold from shapely leaf to leaf,  
And just its core or centre black as night.

MABEL.

They call them pansies too, you know.

ANNE.

But you  
Must call them heartsease now. Tell me—what  
thoughts  
Have lovers that the lovely plain old name  
Would not suit better than all others ?

MABEL.

None,

None that I know of--nor does Redgie. Anne,  
How can we two thank God enough?

ANNE.

I'm sure

I cannot tell you, Mabel. All your thoughts  
Are flowers, you say, and flowers as sweet as these  
Whose perfume makes the rose's coarse and dull ;  
And how then could I tell you how to thank  
God ? He has given you something—thought or truth,  
If truth and thought are not the same—which I  
Cannot, you know, imagine.

MABEL.

Ah, you will

Some day, and soon—you must and will.

ANNE.

I doubt

That. Can the world supply me, do you think,  
With such another Redgie ?

MABEL.

That's not fair.

ANNE.

I must put up with something secondrate?  
Frank, for example—if he'd have me? No,  
Dear Mabel: be content with happiness;  
And do not dream it gives you power to play  
Providence, or a prophet. Is he not  
Waiting for you—there, by the hawthorns—there—  
And, certainly, not wanting me?

MABEL.

He is!

I told him not to come and wait for me. [Exit.

ANNE.

I cannot bear it: and I cannot die.

*Enter SIR ARTHUR.*

SIR ARTHUR.

Our lovers are not here? Ah, no; they want  
Seclusion—shade and space between the trees  
To chirp and twitter. Well, no wonder.

ANNE.

No.

SIR ARTHUR.

The handsomest and happiest pair they are  
That England or Northumberland could show,  
Are they not ?

ANNE.

Yes ; Mabel is beautiful.

SIR ARTHUR.

You don't think much of Redgie, then ?

ANNE.

He looks,

With all that light soft shining curly hair,  
Too boyish for his years and trade : but men  
Don't live or die by their good looks or bad.

SIR ARTHUR.

You don't call soldiership a trade ? And then,  
His years are not so many—not half mine,  
And I'm not quite a greybeard.

ANNE.

Let him be

Apollo—Apollino if you like,  
Your all but girl-faced godling in the hall.  
He did not win her with his face or curls.

SIR ARTHUR.

I am proud to know he did not. Are not you?

ANNE.

Proud of him? Why should I be?

SIR ARTHUR.

No; of her.

ANNE.

O! Yes, of course—very. Not every girl,  
Of course, would condescend—to look so high.

SIR ARTHUR.

A fine young loyal fellow, kind and brave,  
Wants no more gilding, does he?

ANNE.

Luckily,

We see, he does not. Here she comes alone.  
She has sent him in to rest—or speak to Frank.

*Re-enter MABEL.*

You have not kept him hanging round you long,  
You are not exacting, Mabel.

MABEL.

Need I be ?

ANNE.

We see you need not.

SIR ARTHUR.

Mabel, may I say  
How very and truly glad I am ?

MABEL.

You may

Indeed, and let me thank you. That you must.

SIR ARTHUR.

It makes one laugh, or smile at least, to think  
That Master Redgie always was till now  
The unlucky boy—the type of luckless youth,  
Poor fellow—and now it seems you are going to give  
Or rather have given him more than his deserts  
Or most men's, if not any man's. I am  
Glad.

MABEL.

Please don't compliment. You know I have known  
Reginald all my life—and can't but know  
How much more he deserves than I can give.

ANNE.

She has the courage of her faith, you see.

MABEL.

Don't play at satire, Annie, when you know  
How true it is.

ANNE.

Of course I know it, Mab.  
He always was incomparable. At school  
His masters always said so, and at home—  
Ah, well, perhaps the grooms did.

MABEL.

One would think  
You did not know him, and hated him. I wish  
Almost he did not—as he does—deserve  
Far more than I shall bring.

SIR ARTHUR.

Impossible :  
Even if he were—no subaltern, but even  
The Duke himself.

*Enter FRANK and REGINALD.*

FRANK.

Who's talking of the Duke?  
Ask Redgie what he thinks of him.

REGINALD.

No, don't.

My name's not Homer.

ANNE.

Frenchmen say—

REGINALD.

Dear Anne,

Don't you say 'Frenchmen say'—say 'Frenchmen lie.'  
They call the man who thrashes them a cur ;  
Then what must they be ?

SIR ARTHUR.

Try to tell us, though,  
Something—if only to confute the frogs  
And shame their craven croaking.

REGINALD.

What on earth

Can I or any man—could Wordsworth, even—  
Say that all England has not said of him  
A thousand times, and will not say again  
Ten thousand ?

SIR ARTHUR.

Come, my boy, you're privileged,  
You know : you have served, and seen him.

REGINALD.

Seen him? Yes.

You see the sun each morning ; but the sun  
Takes no particular notice and displays  
No special aspect just for your behoof,  
Does it?

MABEL.

He never spoke to you?

REGINALD.

To me?

MABEL.

Why not?

REGINALD.

He might of course to any one ;  
But I'm not lucky—never was, you know.

ANNE.

They say that none of you who have followed him  
Love him as Frenchmen love Napoleon.

REGINALD.

No.

How should they? No one loves the sun as much  
As drunken fools love wildfires when they go

Plunging through marsh and mire and quag and  
haugh

To find a filthy grave.

SIR ARTHUR.

Come, come, my boy !

Remember—‘love your enemies.’

REGINALD.

When I have

Any, I'll try ; but not my country's ; not  
Traitors and liars and thieves and murderers—not  
Heroes of French or Irish fashion. Think  
How fast the Duke stands always—how there's not  
A fellow—can't be—drudging in the rear  
Who does not know as well as that the sun  
Shines, that the man ahead of all of us  
Is fit to lead or send us anywhere  
And sure to keep quick time with us, if we  
Want or if duty wants him—bids the chief  
Keep pace with you or me. And then just think,  
Could he, suppose he had been—impossibly—  
Beaten and burnt out of the country, lashed,  
Lashed like a hound and hunted like a hare  
Back to his form or kennel through the snow,  
Have left his men dropping like flies, devoured

By winter as if by fire, starved, frozen, blind,  
Maimed, mad with torment, dying in hell, while he  
Scurried and scuttled off in comfort?

MABEL.

No.

He could not. Arthur quite agrees. And now  
Be quiet.

SIR ARTHUR.

Redgie takes away one's breath.  
But that's the trick to catch young ladies' hearts—  
Enthusiasm on the now successful side.

MABEL.

Successful! If we could have failed, you know,  
He would have been—he, I, and you and all,  
All of us, all, more passionate and keen  
And hotter in our faith and loyalty  
And bitterer in our love and hate than now  
When thoughts of England and her work are not  
Tempered with tears that are not born of pride  
And joy that pride makes perfect.

FRANK.

Let's be cool.

I have not seen you quite so hot and red  
Since you were flogged for bathing at the Weir,  
Redgie.

REGINALD.

Which time? the twentieth?

FRANK.

That at least.

MABEL.

Poor fellow!

REGINALD.

Ah, you always pitied me—

And spoilt me.

MABEL.

No one else did, Reginald.

REGINALD.

And right and wise they were—a worthless whelp!

MABEL.

Very. Not worth a thought—were you?

REGINALD.

I'm sure

Not worth a tear of yours—and yet you cried  
Sometimes, you know, for my mischances.

SIR ARTHUR.

Ay?

So, boy and girl were born for bride and groom,  
Were they? There's nothing now to cry for, then.

ANNE.

Arthur forgets : are love and happiness  
Nothing to cry for? Tears, we are told, are signs  
Infallible—indispensable—of joy.

FRANK.

Mabel and Redgie, then, must be just now  
Unhappy—very unhappy. Can they fill  
With us their parts to-morrow in his play?

MABEL.

Yes : I know mine ; and Anne knows hers.

ANNE.

And Frank

His. Does he stab you, Redgie, on the stage?

REGINALD.

Yes, as I save him from the shipwreck.

SIR ARTHUR.

Good !

That's something like a villain.

ANNE.

I'm as bad.

I poison Mabel—out of love for Frank.

SIR ARTHUR.

Heaven help us, what a tragic day or night !  
It's well the drawing-room and the libraries  
Are all rigged up ship-shape, with stage and box  
Ready, and no such audience to be feared  
As might—I don't say would, though, Reginald—  
Hiss you from pit and gallery.

REGINALD.

That they would !

It's all a theft from Dodsley's great old plays,  
I know you'll say—thirdrate and secondhand.  
The book, you know, you lent me when a boy—  
Or else I borrowed and you did not lend.

SIR ARTHUR.

That's possible, you bad young scamp. I wish  
We could have seen it played in the open air,

Boccaccio-like—but that would scarcely suit  
With April in Northumberland.

ANNE.

Not quite.

REGINALD.

Come, don't abuse our climate and revile  
The crowning county of England—yes, the best  
It must be.

FRANK.

Now he's off again.

REGINALD.

I'm not.

But I just ask you where you'll find its like ?  
Have you and I, then, raced across its moors  
Till horse and boy were wellnigh mad with glee  
So often, summer and winter, home from school,  
And not found that out ? Take the streams away,  
The country would be sweeter than the south  
Anywhere : give the south our streams, would it  
Be fit to match our borders ? Flower and crag,  
Burnside and boulder, heather and whin—you don't  
Dream you can match them south of this ? And then,  
If all the unwatered country were as flat  
As the Eton playing-fields, give it back our burns,

And set them singing through a sad south world,  
And try to make them dismal as its fens—  
They won't be ! Bright and tawny, full of fun  
And storm and sunlight, taking change and chance  
With laugh on laugh of triumph—why, you know  
How they plunge, pause, chafe, chide across the rocks.  
And chuckle along the rapids, till they breathe  
And rest and pant and build some bright deep bath  
For happy boys to dive in, and swim up,  
And match the water's laughter.

## SIR ARTHUR.

You at least

Know it, we doubt not. Woodlands too we have,  
Have we not, Mabel ? beech, oak, aspen, pine,  
And Redgie's old familiar friend, the birch,  
With all its blithe lithe bounty of buds and sprays  
For hapless boys to wince at, and grow red,  
And feel a tingling memory prick their skins—  
Sting till their burning blood seems all one blush—  
Eh ?

## REGINALD.

I beg pardon if I bored you. But—  
You know there's nothing like this country. Frank,  
Is there ?

FRANK.

I never will dispute with you  
Anything, Redgie. This is what you call  
Being peaceable, is it? firing up like tow  
And rattling off like small-shot?

REGINALD.

I can't help—  
Can I?

FRANK.

When you said that at school, my lad,  
It didn't help you much.

MABEL.

Don't bully him so.  
Don't let them, Redgie.

SIR ARTHUR.

Redgie must be proof  
Now against jokes that used to make the boy  
Frown, blush, and wince : and well he may be.

ANNE.

Why?

Is Reginald much wiser than he was?  
He seems to me the same boy still.

SIR ARTHUR.

He is,

I think ; but now the luckiest living.

REGINALD.

Yes.

I'm half afraid one ought not anyhow  
To be so happy. None of you, I know,  
Our brothers and our sister, think it right.  
You cannot. Nor do I.

SIR ARTHUR.

A willow-wreath  
For Mabel ! Redgie turns her off.

MABEL.

He might,  
If she would let him : but he'll find her grasp  
Tenacious as a viper's. Be resigned,  
Redgie : I shall not let you go.

REGINALD.

I am  
Resigned. But if God bade one rise to heaven  
At once, and sit above the happiest there,

Resigned one might be—possibly : but still  
Would not one shrink for shame's sake ? Look at her  
And me !

SIR ARTHUR.

I never saw a better match.

MABEL.

I never had so sweet a compliment  
Paid me. I shan't forget it, Arthur.

REGINALD.

What  
Possesses all of you to try and turn  
The poor amount of head I have, I can't  
Imagine. One might think you had laid a bet  
To make a man shed tears by way of thanks  
And laugh at him for crying. Frank,—Arthur,—Anne,  
You know I know how good it is of you  
To wish me joy—and how I thank you : that  
You must know.

ANNE.

Surely, Reginald, we do.  
Goodwill like ours could hardly miss, I trust,  
Of gratitude like yours.

MABEL.

What is it, Anne ?

What makes you smile so ?

ANNE.

Would you have me frown ?

MABEL.

Rather than smile like that : you would not look  
So enigmatic.

ANNE.

Let it pass, my dear :

We shall not smile to-morrow, when we play  
Tragedy—shall we? Are the properties  
Ready—stiletto and poison-flask?

REGINALD.

Ah, there

We are lucky. There's the old laboratory, made  
It seems for our stage purpose, where you know  
Sir Edward kept his chemicals and things—  
Collections of the uncanniest odds and ends,  
Poisons and weapons from all parts of the earth,  
Which Arthur lets us choose from.

ANNE.

Are they safe

To play with?

MABEL.

Are we children, Annie? Still  
Perhaps you are right: we had better let them be.

SIR ARTHUR.

The daggers are not dangerous—blunt as lead—  
That I shall let you youngsters play with.

REGINALD.

Good:

But how about the poison? let us have  
A genuine old Venetian flask to fill  
With wine and water.

ANNE.

Let me choose it.

MABEL.

You?

Why?

ANNE.

I know more about such things.

MABEL.

About

Poison?

ANNE.

About the loveliest oldworld ware  
 Fonthill or Strawberry Hill could furnish : I'm  
 Miss Beckford, or Horatia Walpole.

SIR ARTHUR.

Come  
 And take your choice of the empty flasks. Don't  
 choose  
 A full one by mistake.

ANNE.

I promise not.

[*Exeunt SIR ARTHUR and ANNE.*

FRANK.

I leave you to consult together, then—  
 The playwright and his heroine : that's but fair.

[*Exit.*

MABEL.

I don't quite like it, Redgie : I'm afraid  
 Anne is not happy : I'm afraid.

REGINALD.

My love,

Is any one unhappy in the world ?  
I can't just now believe in wretchedness.

MABEL.

But I can. Redgie, do be good—and grave.  
I talk to you as if you were grown-up,  
You see.

REGINALD.

You do me too much honour.

MABEL.

That  
I do, you stupidest of tiresome boys.  
Still, you were never ill-natured, were you ? Well,  
Have you not—boys see nothing—don't you think  
You might have seen, had you but eyes, that Anne  
Is not—I don't say (that would be absurd)  
As happy as we are—no one could be that—  
But not—not happy at all ?

REGINALD.

My darling, no.

What dream is this—what lunacy of love ?

MABEL.

Well—I must tell you everything, I see—  
 I wish I did not and I could not think  
 Her heart or fancy—call it either—were  
 More fixed on Frank than ever his on me.

REGINALD.

Eh ! Well, why not ? If he can come to love  
 Any one, after thinking once he loved  
 You—and you would not have it break his heart  
 Quite, would you ?—what could well befall us all  
 Happier than this ? You don't suppose he can ?  
 To me it seems—you know how hard and strange  
 It seems to hope or fancy : but God grant  
 It may be ! If old Frank were happy once,  
 I should not feel I ought not—now and then—  
 To be so happy always.

MABEL.

But you ought.

How good you are, Redgie !

REGINALD.

O, very good.

I'd like—I want—to see my dearest friends  
 Happy—without a touch of trouble or pains.

For me to take or suffer. Wonderful,  
Is it not? saintly—great—heroic?

MABEL.

Well,

I think you may—I think we shall. But don't  
Be boyish—don't be prompting Frank : you know,  
Reginald, what I mean.

REGINALD.

Yes : that he may—

Will, very likely—want a hand like yours  
Rather than mine to help him—bring him through—  
Give him a lift or shove.

MABEL.

Leave well alone.

That's all I mean.

REGINALD.

You always did know best,  
And always will : I shall be always right  
Now that my going or doing or saying depends  
On you. It's well you are what you are : you might,  
If you were evil-minded, make a man  
Run from his post—betray or yield his flag—  
Duck down his head and scuttle.

MABEL.

Not a man

Like you.

REGINALD.

Let no man boast himself ; does not  
The Bible say—something like that ?

MABEL.

Perhaps.

But then you don't, and never did, you know—  
Not even about this play of yours. Come in :  
The windy darkness creeps and leaps by fits  
Up westward : clouds, and neither stars nor sun,  
And just the ghost of a lost moon gone blind  
And helpless. If we are to play at all,  
I must rehearse my part again to-night. [Exeunt.]

## ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*A stage representing a garden by the sea.*

SONG (*from within*).

Love and Sorrow met in May  
Crowned with rue and hawthorn-spray,  
    And Sorrow smiled.  
Scarce a bird of all the spring  
Durst between them pass and sing,  
    And scarce a child.

Love put forth his hand to take  
Sorrow's wreath for sorrow's sake,  
    Her crown of rue.  
Sorrow cast before her down  
Even for love's sake Love's own crown,  
    Crowned with dew.

Winter breathed again, and spring  
Cowered and shrank with wounded wing  
    Down out of sight.  
May, with all her loves laid low,  
Saw no flowers but flowers of snow  
    That mocked her flight.

Love rose up with crownless head  
 Smiling down on springtime dead,  
 On wintry May.  
 Sorrow, like a cloud that flies,  
 Like a cloud in clearing skies,  
 Passed away.

*Enter ALVISE.*

ALVISE.

This way she went : the nightingales that heard  
 Fell silent, and the loud-mouthed salt sea-wind  
 Took honey on his lips from hers, and breathed  
 The new-born breath of roses. Not a weed  
 That shivers on the storm-shaped lines of shore  
 But felt a fragrance in it, and put on  
 The likeness of a lily.

*Enter GALASSO.*

GALASSO.

Thou art here.

God will not let thee hide thyself too close  
 For hate and him to find thee. Draw : the light  
 Is good enough to die by.

ALVISE.

Thou hast found him  
 That would have first found thee. Set thou thy sword

To mine, its edge is not so fain to bite  
As is my soul to slay thee. [They draw.]

*Enter BEATRICE and FRANCESCA.*

BEATRICE.

What is this?  
What serpent have ye trod on?

ALVISE.

Didst thou bid me  
Draw, seeing far off the surety for thy life  
That women's tongues should bring thee?

BEATRICE.

Speak not to him.  
Speak to me—me, Alvise.

ALVISE.

Sweet, be still.  
Galassi, shall I smite thee on the lips  
That dare not answer with a lie to mine  
And know they cannot, if they speak, but lie?

GALASSO.

Thou knowest I dare not in Beatrice's sight  
Strike thee to hell—nor threaten thee.

ALVISE.

I know

Thou liest. She stands between thy grave and thee,  
As thou between the sun and hell.

FRANCESCA.

My lord,

Forbear him.

GALASSO.

I am not thy lord ; who made me  
Master or lord of thine ? Not God should say,  
Save with his tongue of thunder, and be heard  
(If hearing die not in a dead man's ear),  
'Forbear him.'

ALVISE.

Nay, Beatrice, bid not me  
Forbear : he will not let me bid him live.

GALASSO.

Thou shalt not find a tongue some half-hour hence  
To pray with to my sword for time to pray  
And die not damned.

FRANCESCA.

Sir, speak not blasphemy.  
Death's wings beat round about us day and night :

Their wind is in our faces now. I pray you,  
Take heed.

GALASSO.

Of what? of God, or thee? Not I.  
But let Beatrice bend to me—

ALVISE.

To thee?

Bend? Nay, Beatrice, bind me not in chains,  
Who would not play thy traitor: give my sword  
What God gives all the waves and birds of the air,  
Freedom.

BEATRICE.

He gives it not to slay.

ALVISE.

He shall.

Are the waves bloodless or the vultures bland?  
Loose me, love: leave me: let me go.

BEATRICE.

Thou shalt not

Put off for me before my face thy nature,  
Thy natural name of man, to mock with murder  
The murderous waves and beasts of ravin. Slay me,

And God may give thee leave to slay him : I  
Shall know not of it ever.

## GALASSO.

Vivarini,

These women's hands that here strike peace between  
us

To-morrow shall not stead thee. Live a little :  
My sword is not more thirsty than the sea,  
Nor less secure in patience. Thou shalt find  
A sea-rock for thy shipwreck on dry land here  
When thou shalt steer again upon the steel of it  
And find its fang's edge mortal.

[Exit.]

## ALVISE.

Have ye shamed me ?

Mine enemy goes down seaward with no sign  
Set of my sword upon him.

## BEATRICE.

Let him pass.

To-morrow brings him back from sea—if ever  
He come again.

## FRANCESCA.

How should not he come back, then ?

BEATRICE.

The sea hath shoals and storms.

ALVISE.

God guard him—till  
He stand within my sword's reach !

FRANCESCA.

Pray thou rather  
God keep thee from the reach of his.

ALVISE.

He cannot,  
Except he smite to death or deadly sickness  
One of us ere we join. My saint Beatrice,  
Thou hast no commission; angel though thou be, sweet,  
Given thee of God to guard mine enemy's head  
Or cross me as his guardian.

BEATRICE.

Would I cross thee,  
The spirit I live by should stand up to chide  
The soul-sick will that moved me. Yet I would not,  
Had I God's leave in hand to give thee, give  
Thy sword and his such leave to cross as might  
Pierce through my heart in answer.

ALVISE.

Wouldst thou bid me,  
 When he comes back to-morrow from the sea  
 Whereon to-day his ship rides royal, yield  
 Thee and my sword up to him?

FRANCESCA.

Nay, not her :  
 Thy sword she might.

ALVISE.

She would not.

BEATRICE.

Fain I would,  
 And keep thine honour perfect.

ALVISE.

That may be,  
 When heaven and hell kiss, and the noon puts on  
 The starry shadow of midnight. Sweet, come in :  
 The wind grows keener than a flower should face  
 And fear no touch of trouble. Doubt me not  
 That I will take all heed for thee and me,  
 Who am now no less than one least part of thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The same.*

*Enter BEATRICE and FRANCESCA.*

BEATRICE.

The wind is sharp as steel, and all the sky  
That is not red as molten iron black  
As iron long since molten. How the flowers  
Cringe down and shudder from the scourge ! I would  
Galasso's ship were home in harbour.

FRANCESCA.

Here ?

What comfort wouldest thou give him ?

BEATRICE.

What should I give ?

Hadst thou some gentler maiden's mercy in thee,  
Thou might'st, though death hung shuddering on his  
lips  
And mixed its froth of anguish with the sea's,  
Revive him.

FRANCESCA.

I, Beatrice ?

BEATRICE.

Who but thou,  
Francesca ?

FRANCESCA.

Mock not, lest thy scoff turn back  
Like some scared snake to sting thee.

BEATRICE.

Nay, not I :  
Dost thou not mock me rather, knowing I know  
Thou lov'st him as I love not ? as I love  
Alvise ?

FRANCESCA.

There is none I love but God.  
Thou knowest he doth not love me.

BEATRICE.

Dost thou dream  
His love for me is even as thine for him,  
Born of a braver father than is hate,  
A fairer mother than is envy ? Me  
He loves not as he hates my lover : thou  
Mayst haply set—as in this garden-ground  
Half barren and all bitter from the sea  
Some light of lilies shoots the sun's laugh back—

Even in the darkness of his heart and hate  
Some happier flower to spring against thy smile  
And comfort thee with blossom.

FRANCESCA.

Thou shouldst be not  
So fast a friend of mine : we were not born  
I a Mariani, a Signorelli thou,  
To play, with love and hate at odds with life,  
Sisters.

BEATRICE.

I know not in what coign of the heart  
The root of hate strikes hellward, nor what rains  
Make fat so foul a spiritual soil with life,  
Nor what plague-scattering planets feed with fire  
Such earth as brings forth poison. What is hate  
That thou and I should know it ?

FRANCESCA.

I cannot tell.

Flowers are there deadlier than all blights of the air  
Or hell's own reek to heavenward : springs, whose  
water  
Puts out the pure and very fire of life  
As clouds may kill the sunset : sins and sorrows,  
Hate winged as love, and love walled round as hate is,

With fear and weaponed wrath and arm-girt anguish,  
There have been and there may be. Wouldst thou  
dream now

This flower were mortal poison, or this flasket  
Filled full with juice of colder-blooded flowers  
And herbs the faint moon feeds with dew, that warily  
I bear about me against the noonday's needs,  
When the sun ravins and the waters reek  
With lustrous fume and feverous light like fire,  
Preservative against it?

## BEATRICE.

Sure, the flower  
Could hurt no babe as bright and soft as it  
More than it hurts us now to smell to : nor  
Could any draught that heals or harms be found  
Preservative against it.

## FRANCESCA.

Yet perchance  
Preservative this draught of mine might prove  
Against the bitterness of life—of noon,  
I would say—heat, and heavy thirst, and faintness  
That binds with lead the lids of the eyes, and hangs  
About the heart like hunger.

BEATRICE.

I am athirst ;  
Thy very words have made me : and the noon  
Indeed is hot. Let me drink of it.

FRANCESCA.

Drink.

BEATRICE.

The wells are not so heavenly cold. What comfort  
Thou hast given me ! I shall never thirst again,  
I think.

FRANCESCA.

I am sure thou shalt not—till thou wake  
Out of the next kind sleep that shall fall on thee  
And hold thee fast as love, an hour or twain hence.

BEATRICE.

I thank thee for thy gentle words and promises  
More than for this thy draught of healing. Sleep  
Is half the seed of life—the seed and stay of it—  
And love is all the rest.

FRANCESCA.

Thou art sure of that ?  
Be sure, then.

BEATRICE.

How should I be less than sure of it ?  
Alvise's love and thine confirm and comfort  
Mine own with like assurance. All the wind's wrath  
That darkens now the whitening sea to southward  
Shall never blow the flame that feeds the sun out  
Nor bind the stars from rising : how should grief, then,  
Evil, or envy, change or chance of ruin,  
Lay hand on love to mar him ? Death, whose tread  
Is white as winter's ever on the sea  
Whose waters build his charnel, hath no kingdom  
Beyond the apparent verge and bourn of life  
Whereon to reign or threaten. Love, not he,  
Is lord of chance and change : the moons and suns  
That measure time and lighten serve him not,  
Nor know they if a shadow at all there be  
That fear and fools call death, not seeing each year  
How thick men's dusty days and crumbling hours  
Fall but to rise like stars and bloom like flowers.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The same.*

*Enter ALVISE and BEATRICE.*

ALVISE.

Thou art not well at ease : come in again  
And rest : the day grows dark as nightfall, ere  
Night fall indeed upon it.

BEATRICE.

No, not yet.

I do not fear the thunder, nor the sea  
That mocks and mates the thunder. What I fear  
I know not : but I will not go from hence  
Till that sea-thwarted ship's crew thwart the sea  
Or perish for its pasture. See, she veers,  
And sets again straight hither. All good saints,  
Whose eyes unseen of ours that here lack light  
Hallow the darkness, guard and guide her ! Lo,  
She reels again, and plunges shoreward : God,  
Whose hand with curb immeasurable as they  
Bridles and binds the waters, bid the wind  
Fall down before thee silent ere it slay,  
And death, whose clarion rends the heart of the air,  
Be dumb as now thy mercy ! O, that cry

Had more than tempest in it : life borne down  
And hope struck dead with horror there put forth  
Toward heaven that heard not for the clamouring sea  
Their last of lamentation.

## ALVISE.

Some there are—

Nay, one there is comes shoreward. If mine eyes  
Lie not, being baffled of the wind and sea,  
The face that flashed upon us out of hell  
Between the refluent and the swallowing wave  
Was none if not Galassi's. Nay, go in :  
Look not upon us.

## BEATRICE.

Wherefore ?

## ALVISE.

Must I not

Save him to slay to-morrow ? If I let  
The sea's or God's hand slay mine enemy first,  
That hand strikes dead mine honour. [Exit.

## BEATRICE.

Save him, Christ !

God, save him ! Death is at my heart : I feel  
His breath make darkness round me.

*Enter FRANCESCA.*

FRANCESCA.

Dost thou live ?

Dost thou live yet ?

BEATRICE.

I know not. What art thou,  
To question me of life and death ?

FRANCESCA.

I am not

The thing I was.

BEATRICE.

The friend I loved and knew thee,  
Thou art not. This fierce night that leaps up east-  
ward,

Laughing with hate and hunger, loud and blind,  
Is not less like the sunrise. What strange poison  
Has changed thy blood, that face and voice and spirit  
(If spirit or sense bid voice or face interpret)  
Should change to this that meets me ?

FRANCESCA.

Did I drink

The poison that I gave thee ? Thou art dead now :  
Not the oldest of the world's forgotten dead

Hath less to do than thou with life. Thou shalt not  
Set eyes again on one that loved thee : here  
No face but death's and mine, who hate thee deadlier  
Than life hates death, shalt thou set eyes on. Die,  
And dream that God may save thee : from my hands  
Alive thou seest he could not.

*Re-enter ALVISE with GALASSO.*

ALVISE.

Stand, I say.

Stand up. Thou hast no hurt upon thee. Stand,  
And gather breath to praise God's grace with.

GALASSO.

Thee

First must I thank, who hast plucked me hardly back  
Forth of the ravening lips of death. What art thou ?  
This light is made of darkness.

ALVISE.

Yet the darkness  
May serve to see thine enemy by : to-morrow  
The sun shall serve us better when we meet  
And sword to sword gives thanks for swordstrokes.

GALASSO.

No :

The sun shall never see mine enemy more  
 Now that his hand has humbled me.

ALVISE.

Forego not

Thy natural right of manhood. Chance it was,  
 Not I, that chose thee for my hand to save  
 As haply thine had saved me, had the wind  
 Flung me as thee to deathward.

GALASSO.

Dost thou think

To live, and say it, and smile at me? Thy saint  
 Had heavenlier work to do than guard thee, when  
 God gave thine evil star such power as gave thee  
 Power on thine enemy's life to save it. Twice  
 Thou shalt not save or spare me : if to-morrow  
 Thy sword had borne down mine, thou hadst let me live  
 And shamed me out of living : now, I am sure,  
 Thou shalt not twice rebuke me. [Stabs him.

BEATRICE.

Death is good :

He gives me back Alyise.

ALVISE.

Was it thou  
Or God, Beatrice, speaking out of heaven,  
Who turned my death to life?

BEATRICE.

I am dying, Alvise :  
I thought to have left—perchance to have lost thee :  
now  
We shall not part for ever.      [Dies.    ALVISE dies.]

FRANCESCA.

Wilt thou stand  
Star-struck to death, Galasso? Let our dead  
Lie dead, while we fly fleet as birds or winds  
Forth of the shadow of death, and laugh, and live  
As happy as these were hapless.

GALASSO.

She—is she  
Dead? Hath she kissed the death upon his lips  
And fed it full from hers?

FRANCESCA.

Why, dost thou dream  
I did not kill her?

GALASSO.

Not a devil in hell

But one cast forth on earth could do it : and she  
Shall shame the light of heaven no longer.

[*Stabs her.*

FRANCESCA.

Fool,

Thou hast set me free from fate and fear : I knew  
Thou wouldest not love me.

[*Dies.*

GALASSO.

What am I, to live  
And see this death about me? Death and life  
Cast out so vile a thing from sight of heaven.  
Save where the darkness of the grave is deep,  
I cannot think to wake on earth or sleep.

## ACT V.

SCENE I.—*An ante-chamber to the drawing-room.*

*Enter ANNE.*

ANNE.

To bear my death about me till I die  
And always put the time off, tremblingly,  
As if I loved to live thus, would be worse  
Than death and meaner than the sin to die.  
The sin to kill myself—or think of it—  
I have sinned that sin already. Not a day  
That brings the day I cannot live to see  
Nearer, but burns my heart like flame and makes  
My thoughts within me serpents fanged with fire.  
He would not weep if I were dead, and she  
Would. If I make no better haste to die,  
I shall go mad and tell him—pray to him,  
If not for love, for mercy on me—cry  
‘Look at me once—not as you look at her,  
But not as every day you look at me—

And see who loves you, Reginald.' Ah God,  
 That one should yearn at heart to do or say  
 What if it ever could be said or done  
 Would strike one dead with shame !

MABEL (*singing in the next room*).

There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear,  
 There's nae ship loves the sea,  
 There's nae bee loves the heather-bells,  
 That loves as I love thee, my love,  
 That loves as I love thee.

The whin shines fair upon the fell,  
 The blithe broom on the lea :  
 The muirside wind is merry at heart :  
 It's a' for love of thee, my love,  
 It's a' for love of thee.

ANNE.

For love of death,  
 For love of death it is that all things live  
 And all joys bring forth sorrows. Sorrow and death  
 Have need of life and love to prey upon  
 Lest they too die as these do. What am I  
 That I should live? A thousand times it seems  
 I have drawn this flasket out to look on it  
 And dream of dying, since first I seized it—stole,  
 And Arthur never missed it. Yet again

The thought strikes back and stabs me, what are they,  
What are they all, that they should live, and I  
Die? Arthur told me, surely, that this death  
Was pangless—swift and soft as when betimes  
We sink away to sleep. If sin it is,  
I will die praying for pardon : God must see  
I am no more fit to live than is a bird  
Wounded to death.

*Enter SIR FRANCIS, SIR ARTHUR, and FRANK.*

SIR FRANCIS.

Well, Anne, and could you rest  
Well after murdering Mabel? Here is Frank  
Declares his crimes would hardly let him sleep :  
While he who made you criminals appears  
Shamelessly happy.

FRANK.

Redgie always was  
Hardened : the plays he used to improvise  
At school were deep in bloodshed.

SIR ARTHUR.

Let us trust  
That happiness and age may make his Muse  
Milder.

ANNE.

I am sure I hope so. It was hard  
To find yourself so wicked.

SIR FRANCIS.

Hard on you,  
Certainly. Were you tired ?

ANNE.

Why ? Do I look  
Tired ?

SIR FRANCIS.

Well, not tired exactly ; still, your eyes  
Look hot and dull.

ANNE.

All eyes cannot be bright  
Always, like Reginald's and Mabel's.

SIR ARTHUR.

Ah,  
It does one good to see them. Since the world  
Began, or love began it, never was  
A brighter pair of lovers. What a life  
Will theirs be, if the morning of it mean

Really the thing it seems to say, and noon  
Keep half the promise of it !

FRANK.

That it should,  
If they get only their deserts : they are,  
He the best fellow, she the best girl born.

SIR FRANCIS.

You're not a bad friend, Frank, I will say.

ANNE.

No.

He is not.

SIR FRANCIS.

What your father would have said  
To my approval of the match, perhaps  
It's best not guessing : but the harshest brute  
That ever made his broken-hearted ward  
The subject or the heroine of a tale  
Must, I think, have relented here.

SIR ARTHUR.

But still

We are none the less your debtors—Redgie and I.  
It lays on me an obligation too,  
Your generous goodness to him.

SIR FRANCIS.

No, none at all.

I would not let the youngster tell me so.

*Enter REGINALD and MABEL.*

So, you can look us in the face, my boy,  
And not be, as you should, ashamed to see  
How much less happy are other folk than you?  
Your face is like the morning.

REGINALD.

Does it blush?

You'd see I was ashamed then.

MABEL.

What, of me,  
Redgie? It's rather soon to say so. Still,  
It's not too late—happily.

SIR FRANCIS.

Nothing can  
Happen that does not fall out happily,  
It seems, for you—and nothing should, I think,  
Ever. Come with me, Frank: I want you.

FRANK.

Why?

SIR FRANCIS.

I never thought you quite so dull till now.

Come.

[*Exeunt SIR FRANCIS and FRANK.*

SIR ARTHUR.

Take me with you : I'm superfluous too.

[*Exit.*

MABEL.

Don't you go, Anne.

ANNE.

I will not if you wish.

MABEL.

I do, and so does Redgie. We have seen  
These last few days as little of you, you know,  
As if you had been—well, anywhere.

ANNE.

Except,

Remember, at rehearsals ; and last night  
We came against each other on the stage.

MABEL.

Indeed we did. Is that a property  
You have kept about you ?

ANNE.

What? where? this—ah no,  
A—something for a touch of cold I caught  
Last night—I think at least it was last night.  
Arthur prescribed it for me.

MABEL.

Let me taste.

I am hoarse—I am sure I must be hoarse to-day  
With rattling out all Redgie's rant—much more  
Than you did.

ANNE.

No : you do not want it.

MABEL.

Anne !

ANNE.

You cannot want it, Mabel.

MABEL.

How can you  
Know? Don't be positive—and selfish.

ANNE.

There—

Take it. No—do not taste it, Mabel.

MABEL.

Look,

Redgie, how strange a pretty colour ! Why,  
 One wants a name to praise it—and it smells  
 Like miles on miles of almond-blossom, all  
 Condensed in one full flower. If this had been  
 The poison Anne and you prepared for me,  
 I really would have taken it last night  
 And not pretended, as I did, to sip,  
 And kept my lips dry.

[*Drinks.*

REGINALD.

Does the flavour match  
 The colour ?

MABEL.

It's a sweet strange taste. Don't you  
 Try : you won't like it.

REGINALD.

Let me know, at least.

[*Drinks.*

ANNE.

You do not yet : or do you now know ?

MABEL.

Anne !

What have we done—and you? What is it?

ANNE.

Death,

Mabel. You see, you would not let me die  
And leave you living.

MABEL.

Death? She is mad—she is mad!  
Reginald, help us—her and me—but her  
First.

REGINALD.

I can hardly help myself to stand.  
Sit you down by me.

ANNE.

Can the sun still shine?  
I did not mean to murder you.

MABEL.

And yet  
We are dying, are we not—dying?

ANNE.

I meant

To die, and never sin again or see  
How happy past all dreams of happiness  
You, whom he loved, and he, who loved you, were.

*Re-enter SIR FRANCIS, SIR ARTHUR, and FRANK.*

SIR FRANCIS.

We are here again, you see, already. Why,  
What strange new tragic play is this you are all  
Rehearsing?

ANNE.

Mabel, if you can forgive,  
Say so. I may remember that in hell.

MABEL.

I do. And so does Redgie. But you might  
Have spared or saved him.

ANNE.

How, and let you die?

REGINALD.

Ah, how? She did not mean it.

ANNE.

And do you

Forgive me?

REGINALD.

Surely. I am one with her,  
And she forgives.

SIR ARTHUR.

They are dying indeed. And she  
Has killed them.

REGINALD.

No. She did not mean.

MABEL.

Indeed,

She did not.

SIR FRANCIS.

God in heaven! What dream is this?

ANNE.

God help me! But God will not. I must die  
Alone, if they forgive me. I must die. [Exit.

REGINALD.

It was a terrible accident, you see—  
Was it not, Mabel? That is all we know.

MABEL.

All.

FRANK.

Redgie, will you speak to me?

REGINALD.

Good night,  
Frank—dear old Frank—my brother and hers. And  
you,

Good night, dear Arthur. Think we are going to see  
Our mother, Mabel—Frank's and ours.

MABEL.

I will.

But, Reginald, how hard it is to go!

REGINALD.

We have been so happy, darling, let us die  
Thinking of that, and thanking God.

MABEL.

I will.

Kiss me. Ah, Redgie !

[*Dies.*]

REGINALD.

Mabel ! I am here. [*Dies.*]

SIR ARTHUR.

They could have lived no happier than they die.

"PRINTED BY"

SPOTTISWOODE AND CO., NEW-STREET SQUARE  
LONDON